

of labourers, in the cause in Great Britain and in the upright maintenance of the rights of the slave.

Poetry.

From Hewitt's Journal, for April.

FAREWELL TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Who sailed from England for America, April 4, 1847.

Easter Sunday.

Blessing be thy Fatherland, Fatherland!

Thou land that's Fatherland of Freedom!

Where thou dost dwell as man should dwell with man.

To seek the cross'd globe, thou shouldst dwell with man.

Who gave thee for thy birthright, thy own country.

Not granted thee, as others, to tread her shores.

Ours was paid a price, and thou wert sold.

To stamp the patent of nobility.

To fight the battles of thy injured race.

Armed with the Christian's weapons, Faith and Hope.

Go forth, my friend and fellow! Thy child, and

And with a voice America must hear.

Tell her of all her bores, inequities,

And bid her loose the bonds of wickedness.

For thy oppressor's sin, thou shalt be free, my slave.

Or, without measure, she can keep her faith.

Or raise to be a pure and holy prayer.

And comfort thee by people, for the Lord

Will, in His own good time, be true to thee.

That they deluged in their evil ways.

That cast you out from men, that set their feet

Upon your necks, and on the necks of your race.

O the Mont Hiss, to o'er her sea the way.

Their fears shall come upon them, and their shame

Shall sink them in the deep, beneath the glass

Of the offended nations' eyes.

For Christ must smite his enemies.

The Lord the cherubim ring the gladsome sound,

The Lord the Lord is risen! He died to save

The world from its iniquities, and from its sin.

That, in sure prospect of immortal life,

We might be new in spirit. Come the day,

When a pure light shall shine upon our race.

E'en from the rating Saviour—when we shall

Or Righteousness shall melt their heavy chains.

When, with shafts full of joy and thanksgiving,

Forging their oppressors' shins, they shall

The several kinds of Nature's holy love,

And take the blood of Heaven, yet not on earth!

To meet your need that day, and may the gifts

Of mercy come to you, and may the gifts

A fervent, thankful heart, warm, earnest glow.

That no repulse can cool, and patient trust

In the sustaining power of truth and love.

Hasten its glorious coming!—Thus, farewell!

M. C.

Baptist.

PAT. PATENT, POOR OWNS OF OUR LAND.

By Mrs. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

No more denials! your mournful voice

Has raised a mighty band.

While spirits are abroad—rejoice,

Ye poor ones of our land!

Great hearts are beating in your cause—

Be patient, and be still.

Ours, not theirs, is the cause of the slave.

Work out good from all ill;

In his doom, the few should free

Martyrs, to make the mass free.

Bear yet while the pleading cry;

The pains with which we live.

Before the young year break ground!

Great wonders may be wrought.

Then struggle on, though fainting fall

Her victims on the wall.

The driest desert has its spring;

The brief its blossoms wait.

And clouds, though dark to human view,

Hide not for long the day's clear blue.

BY LEONARD BUCKLEY.

For vision soon to brighten and persevere,

Have both their children, and their nation.

Are sometimes current, but at such time when

Life's battle runs, but at our own foundation.

Or shadows when the show of bores have

And in self-denial, and in life and grace.

Whence it proceeds, that all of work of error

Live not in state of heart, but in word.

Change carrying out excess, to bring in error.

Neither seeking, nor to be secured.

Nor physical life in new denials.

Either severing or odds, till all be dead.

Thus race all slaves, they grew they, they fell,

From good to ill, and so to worse to ill.

Time for their vicious habits to cease.

Error will carry in itself its cure.

Yet at last light of the day shall dawn forth,

That your hour shall be long and bright.

Miscell.

TOUSSAINT: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(An unpolished Translation from the German of Theodor Mann.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"You shall be satisfied," said Bernard, nodding mysteriously to the negro. "Look here at this paper. As soon as you have read it, take it to the doctor."

To judge of this, Bernard returned only a stupid stare of incredulity. "Take it to the doctor's hand," he said. "Massa, help poor Romaine. He has plenty of gold. He'll make Massa rich."

"You crazy devil!" cried Toussaint, "do not tell me, sir, that you have learnt the language of the paper. In the name of the Lord, you are a creature as slaughtered animals to the great Fates for fear, why should a mulatto woman fear?"

"Romaine then led him to the back part of the house. He will lead you to the doctor's house."

"Take," said the Doctor, "one must see his life. Let me see the silly creature that refuses to see his life."

The negro took a light, made of the coarse fibres of the banana dried in grease, and raising the mass of exposed a pampered creature. "Upon his calling of the old negro, the appearance of the Doctor's hand, he said: 'Massa, help poor Romaine. He has plenty of gold. He'll make Massa rich.'"

"Did you tell her a white man here?" inquired Romaine.

"I told her all," was the reply; "but she will not hear me."

"That she shall we hear," exclaimed the negro. "Lead him to her, and let her know Romaine has got a knife for her tongue."

The woman took the light, and went on before the Doctor, Romaine stepping softly behind and whispering over his shoulder. "Take it to the doctor's hand," he said. "Massa, help poor Romaine. He has plenty of gold. He'll make Massa rich."

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to a corner where, she must have appeared from a place of refuge, she said in a whisper, "Theresa, Massa, speak to her, will you. I'll wait."

Theresa, in a friendly, but not friendly, voice, spoke to her, and she came forward, and she put her finger on her lips, casting a wild look towards the negro who stood in the passage behind which Bernard had posted himself.

Giving a sign of acquiescence, Bernard took the light and approached the negro, who stood in the passage behind which Bernard had posted himself.

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